

Sherman Allan, Chim Chim Cheree

(parody of "Chim Chim Cheree" by Dick Van Dyke,
from the movie "Mary Poppins")

Chim chiminey, chim chiminey, chim-chim-cheree;
Those are three words that don't make sense to me.
But I'm used to words that don't make sense to me,
From all those commercials I see on TV.

When I see an ad that can't be understood
I know that the product has got to be good;
Those words may be crazy, but I think they're great,
Like sodium acetylsalicylate.

(Sodium acetylsalicylate!)

I wake up each morning a most happy man,
I cover my Pic-O-Pay with Fluoristan;
I add Hexachlorophene, 'cause it's so pure,
And then GL-70, just to make sure.

Then I take a shower, but never alone;
I'm in there with Dermasil and Silicone.

I brush Vitrol-D on my Lanolin wave,
And I sharpen my Boo-boop, and use it to shave!
(He sharpens his Boo-boop, and that's how he shaves!)

There's Tufsyn, and Retsyn, and Acrylan too,
And Marfac and Melmac and what else is new?
There's Orlon and Korlan, and there's Accutron,
And Teflon, and Ban-Lon, and so on and on.

These wonderful words spin around in my brain;
Each one is a mystery I cannot explain.

Like what does that Blue Magic whitener do --
Does it make blue things white, or make white things blue?
(His blue things are white, and his white things are blue!)

My Fastback has Wide-Track and Autronic Eye,
Which winks when a cute little Volvo goes by;
My tank full of Platformate starts with a roar,
But when I try to stop, it goes two miles more.

I measure my breathing with my Nasograph,
It's nice, but oh my, how it hurts when I laugh.

My chair is upholstered in real Naugahyde;
When they killed that nauga, I sat down and cried.
(He moved to Chicaga when that nauga died!)

I'm giving a party next Saturday night
And here are the friends that I'm going to invite:

The giant who lives in my washing machine,
That other nice giant, who's jolly and green.
The tiger who causes my gas tank to flood,
That handsome white knight who is stronger than crud;

The man with the eyepatch, who sells me my shirts
And that nut who flies into the front seat for Hertz!
(That daring young nut who goes flying for Hertz!)

I've lived all my life in this weird wonderland;
I keep buying things that I don't understand,
'Cause they promise me miracles, magic, and hope,
But, somehow, it always turns out to be soap.

And they might as well be Chim-Chiminey Cheree!
(Those words all could be Chim-Chiminey Cheree!)

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